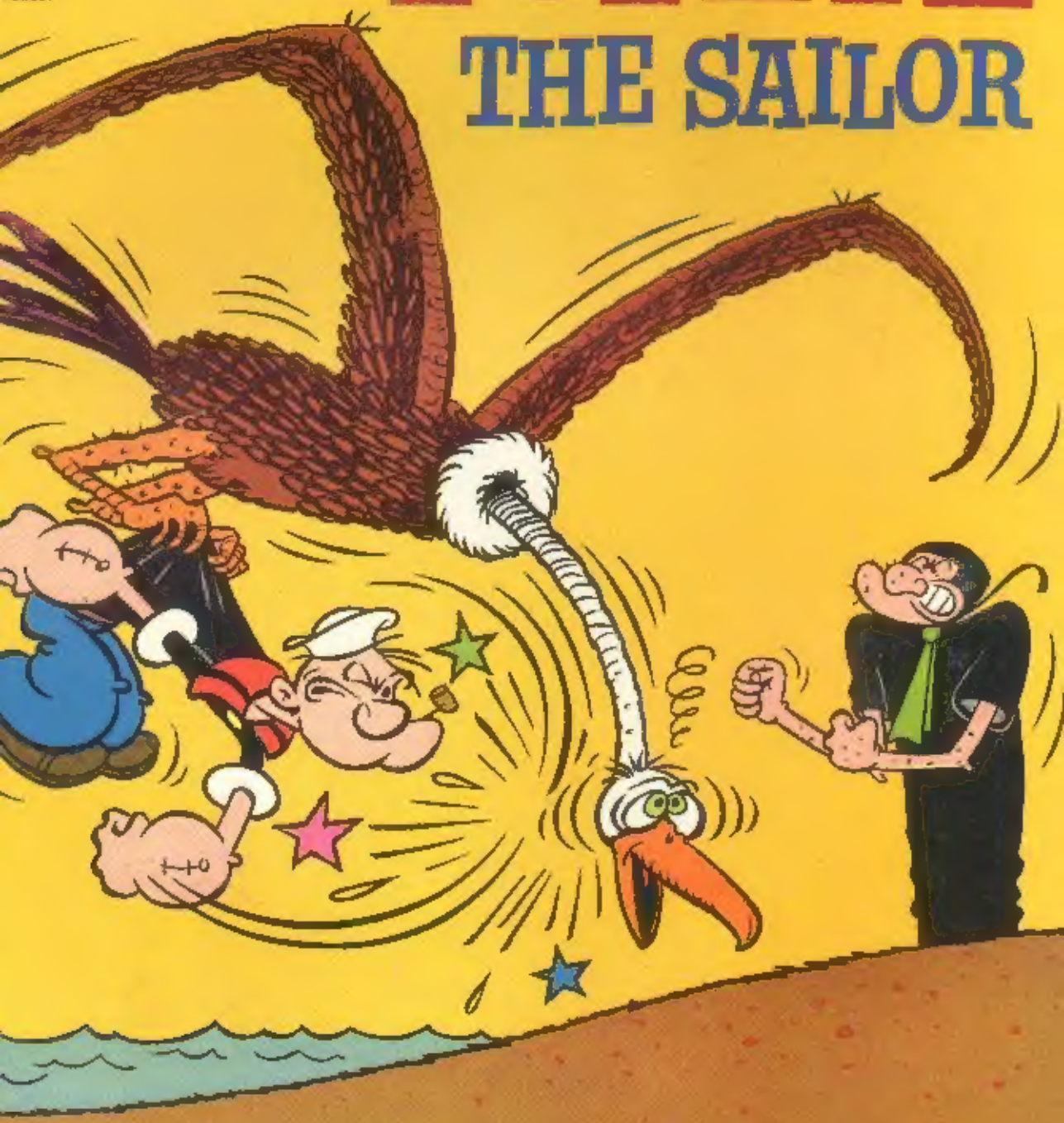
GOLD KEY

POPEYE

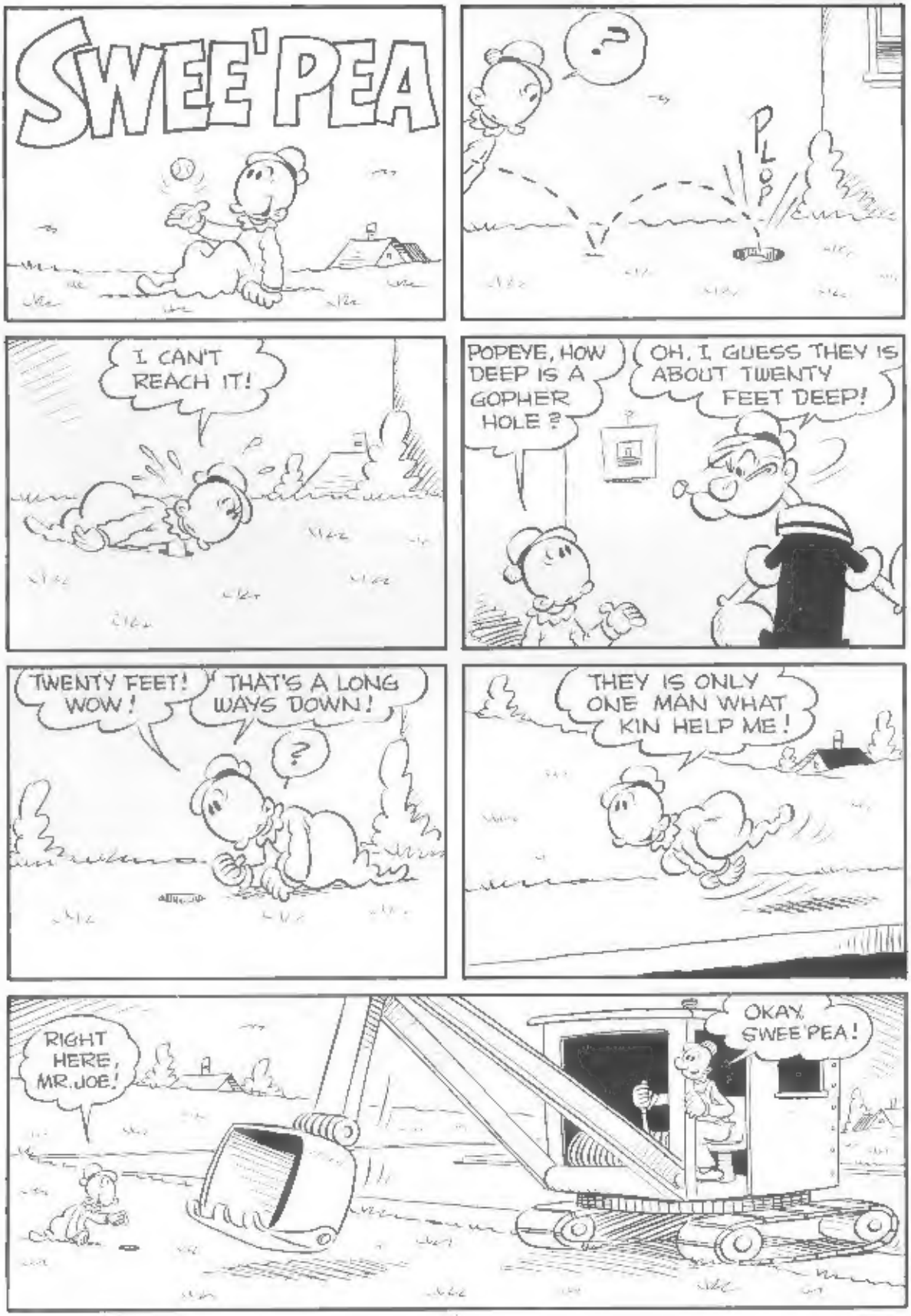
12¢

0069-508
AUGUST

POPEYE
THE SAILOR



The Sea Hag creates a spinach shortage to get Popeye in her power!


SWEE'PEA
?
PLOP
I CAN'T REACH IT!
POPEYE, HOW DEEP IS A GOPHER HOLE?
OH, I GUESS THEY IS ABOUT TWENTY FEET DEEP!
TWENTY FEET! WOW!
THAT'S A LONG WAYS DOWN!
?
THEY IS ONLY ONE MAN WHAT KIN HELP ME!
RIGHT HERE, MR. JOE!
OKAY, SWEE'PEA!

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS-

POPEYE IN - "WEED SHORTAGE" OR "PASS THE SPINACH!"

By Bud Sagendorf

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

BLOW ME DOWN! CLOSED?
CLOSED
T.N.T. SPINACH CANNING COMPANY PLANT NO. 101
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A JOB, SAILOR!
I WANTS NO JOB... ALL I WANTS IS A CASE OF SPINACH!
WHEEEE!! OH! BOY! A CASE OF SPINACH! HO! HO! HA! HA! YOU'RE A REAL COMIC, FELLOW! WHEEEE!!
HA! HA! HA!
WHA'S SO FUNNY, BUSTER?
THAT PLACE HASN'T BEEN OPEN FOR SIX WEEKS...
OH! MY GORSH! AT'S ARFUL! IMAGINE A SPINACH FACTORY 'BEIN' CLOSED.... IT AIN'T FAIR TO US MUSKLE BOYS!
OKAY, I WILL GO FIND ANOTHER SPINACH PLANT!
HA! YOU'RE WASTIN' TIME AGAIN!
WHATCHA MEAN?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? EVERY SPINACH CANNERY IN THE WORLD IS CLOSED! THERE'S NO MORE CANNED SPINACH!
PHOOEY!! IF THEY IS NO CANNED SPINACH, I WILL EAT FRESH SPINACH!
I HASTA HAVE ME SPINACH OR I YAM A DEAD GOOSE!!

MR. WEED IS THE LARGEST GROWER OF MUSKLE GRASS IN'A WORLD!!
MR. WEED'S SPINACH FARM!
GRADE A SPINACH
BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT'S THAT!?
SOB!!
SNIFF!
WOE!
?
MY GORSH!! IT IS MR. WEED!
AHOY, MR. WEED... WHA'S WRONG?
SNIFF!
?
(SOB)... HELLO, POPEYE... (SNIFF!!)
WHY THE TEARS?
SOB!
SNIFF!
I'M CRYIN' 'CAUSE I'M A SAD SPINACH MAN!
'AT'S SILLY!! YA OWNS THE BIGGEST SPINACH FARM IN THE WHOLE WORLD, DON'T YA?
SOB!
SNIFF!
SURE I DO!!
SO WHY BE SAD? WIT' A FOUR THOUSAND ACRE SPINACH FARM YA SHOULD BE HAPPY!
SOB!
SNIFF!
WAAAA!!
FOUR THOUSAND ACRES—
– AND THAT'S THE ONLY SPINACH PLANT LEFT!!!
!
?
SOB!
SOB!

YA REALLY MEANS THAT THIS IS THE ONLY ONE?
YES! AND DON'T BREATHE ON IT... YOU MIGHT GIVE IT PNEUMONIA!!
WHAT DID YOU DO - SELL ALL OF YOUR PLANTS?
HECK NO! THEY JUST LAYED DOWN AN' WENT "POOF"!
IT ALL STARTED ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO!
FIRST THEY STARTED TO SHAKE--
-THEN THEY LEANED OVER--
-AND LAY FLAT ON THE GROUND!
THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
THEY JUST WENT POOF! AND-
POOF!
-ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS A LITTLE DUST!
WHA--THE--? WHERE'S THAT LAST SPINACH PLANT?
?
OH, MY GORSH!! THIS IS ARFUL!
THE LAST SPINACH PLANT IN THE WORLD JUST WENT POOF!!
SNIFF!

THIS IS THE MOS' ARFUL THING WHAT HAS EVER HAPPINGED!
THEY IS NO MORE SPINACH TO CHARGE ME MUSKLES!
I FEELS AS WEAK AS A KITTEN..... I HOPES I DOESN'T MEET ANY OF ME EMENIES!
HERE COMES MY OL' PAL POPEYE!
GOOD HEAVENS!? WHAT COULD BE WRONG? HE LOOKS AS SAD AS A CHRISTMAS TREE IN JULY!
GREETINGS, CHUM! WHY THE LONG SAD FACE?
I YAM A SAD, LOW-DOWN SAILOR BOY... ALL THE SPINACH IN THE WORLD IS DEAD!
WHAT!? NO MORE SPINACH?
'AT'S RIGHT, WIMPY... AN' ME MUSKLES HAS LORST ALL'A THEIR POWER!!
HA! NO POWER, HUH? REMEMBER THAT DIME YOU WOULDN'T LOAN ME LAST YEAR!
BAM!
BAM!
BLAST IT, WIMPY..... I STILL HAS ENOUGH PUNCH FOR YOU!

OH, MY GORSH! 'AT PUNCH TOOK THE LAST OF ME SPINACH STRENGTH... I YAM A THROUGH SAILOR BOY!
PUFF!

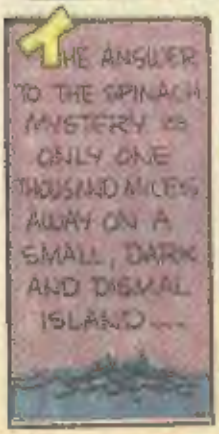
I HAS TOSSED ME LAST PUNCH.... I CAN'T EVEN LIFT ME FISKS ORF THE GROUND!
PUFF!
PUFF!

ONE LONG WEEK LATER....
WAAA!! MY POOR SAILOR BOY!! HE AIN'T WHAT HE USED TO WAS!
PUFF!

MISS OYL, I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU!
YES, WIMPY... DO THE SCIENTISTS KNOW WHAT MADE THE SPINACH GO POOF?

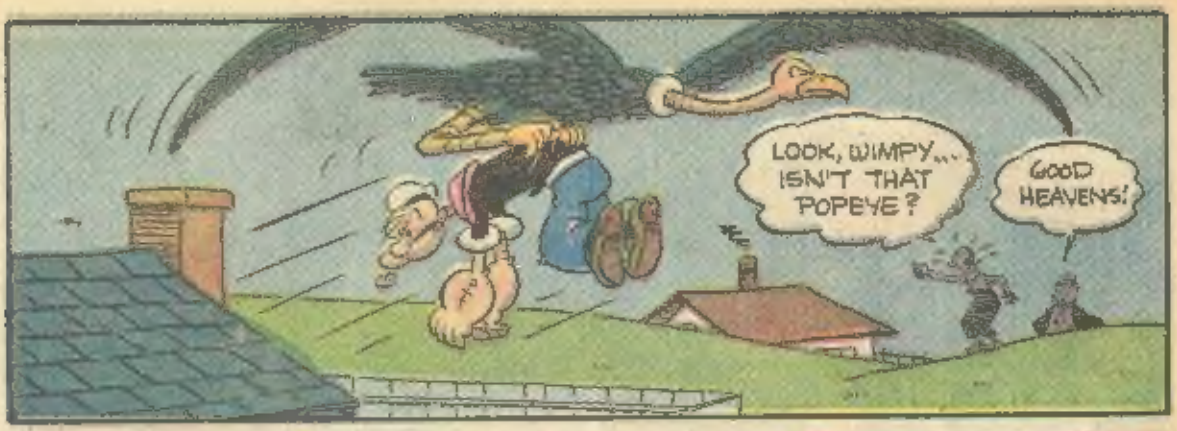
INDEED YES.... SOMETHING HAS BEEN PULLING THE IRON OUT OF THE SPINACH.... WITH THE IRON GONE THE PLANTS FALL OVER AND GO POOF!
BUT WHAT'S DOING IT ?

THEY DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHO.... ALL THEY KNOW IS THAT THE IRON DISAPPEARS INTO THE AIR!
THAT DOESN'T GET ANY SPINACH FOR MY SAILOR BOY!
SNIFF!


THE ANSWER TO THE SPINACH MYSTERY IS ONLY ONE THOUSAND MILES AWAY ON A SMALL, DARK AND DISMAL ISLAND....

WHEEEEEEE!! AT LAST I HAVE POPEYE WHERE I WANT HIM... HE'S BEAT ME FOR YEARS, BUT NOW I'VE GOT HIM GOOD! I'LL SQUASH HIM TO PULP! HA! HA! HEH!
CLANK!
HAGGY, THAT'S THE LAST SPINACH IRON LEFT IN THE WORLD!
CAW!

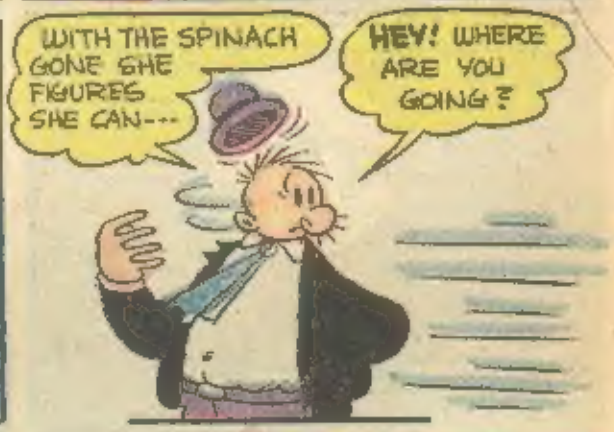
ARE YOU POSITIVE THERE IS NO MORE SPINACH IN THE WORLD?
YEA, HAGGY..POPEYE WON'T FIND A BLADE OF SPINACH ANY-WHERE IN THE WORLD!
HEH! HEH!! HE'LL BE SO WEAK HE WON'T BE ABLE TO PUNCH A BUS TICKET!
REMEMBER, I GET TO HIT HIM ONCE... YOU PROMISED!
BUTTERCUP, GO GET POPEYE THE SAILOR!
AWK!
GOOD GIRL... SHE'LL BRING HIM TO ME!
OH, WOE IS ME!! ME FISKS FEELS LIKE LEAD WEIGHTS!!
PUFF!
GAWAR!
?
?
?


LOOK, WIMPY... ISN'T THAT POPEYE?
GOOD HEAVENS!

OOOOH!! WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME?
HM!! I DO BELIEVE THAT VULTURE WAS BUTTERCUP!

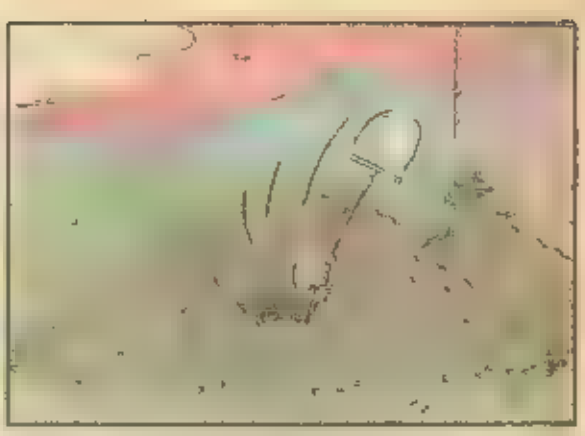
BUTTERCUP? WHO'S SHE?
YOU MET HER... SHE'S THE SEA HAG'S PET VULTURE... A DANDY BUT VICIOUS FOWL!

DO YOU THINK THAT THE SEA HAG SENT HER TO CAPTURE POPEYE?
INDEED YES... I ALSO THINK THAT THIS WHOLE SPINACH MESS WAS HER DOING... YOU KNOW HOW SHE HATES YOUR SAILOR MAN!


WITH THE SPINACH GONE SHE FIGURES SHE CAN---
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

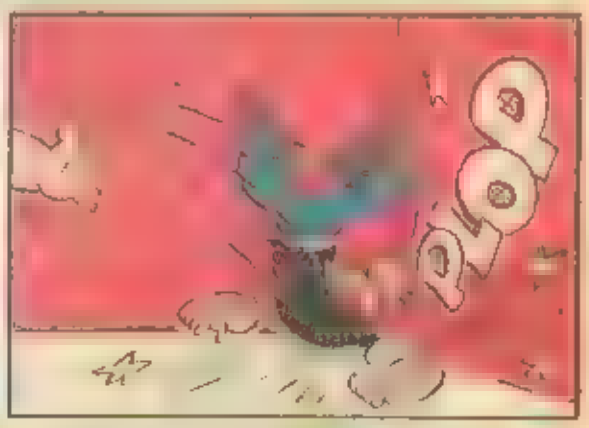
NO VULTURE-LOVING WITCH IS GOING TO MISTREAT MY SAILOR... I'M TAKING POPEYE'S SHIP AND GOING AFTER HIM!

IT'S ABOUT TIME BUTTERCUP GOT BACK WITH THAT SAILOR!
GR-R
?
THERE SHE IS ... HOORAY! SHE'S GOT HIM!
?
GAWUK!
CURSES, SHE DROPPED HIM!!
QUICK!! CATCH HIM, YOU BIG OAF!!
?
BUTTER-FINGERS!!
YOU BLUNDERHEADED BULL, HE'S NO GOOD TO ME DEAD!
CRASH!
PHOOEY!! I WANTED HIM ALIVE SO I COULD TORTURE HIM!
DIG HIM OUT AND FILL UP THIS HOLE!
OKAY!



DRAT T E LUCK. LFE DON'T BE ANY
TEN NOW POPEYE WAS THE ONLY
ONE R JOH ENOUGH
TC MAKE
HAT NU
FUN.

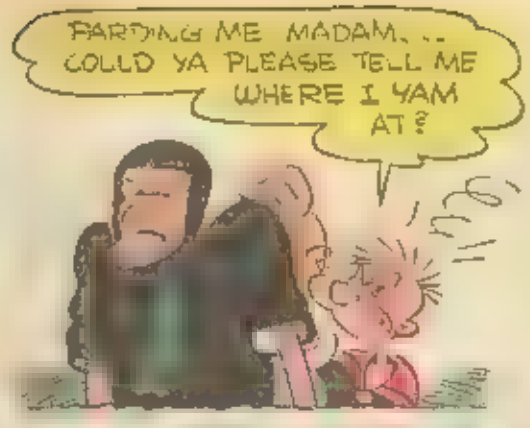
WHAT... I DO
JJ TH THIS?
TOSS IT IN THE
GUEST ROOM FOR
NOW!!


PLOP

WHEEEeeeeW!!
I FEELS ARFUL!
ITS LUCKY I HIT
ON ME CH N OR
I MGHT
HAVE GOT
HURTED!

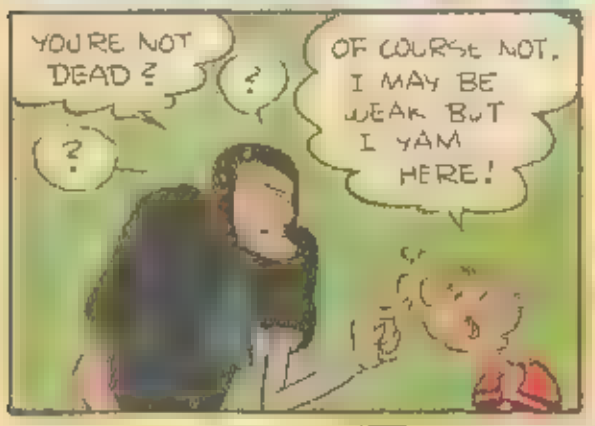
I JL SHES I HAD
SOME SPINACH -
I YAM AS JL AR
AS A LIL BITTY
KITTY PUSSY
I WONDER
WHERE I YAM

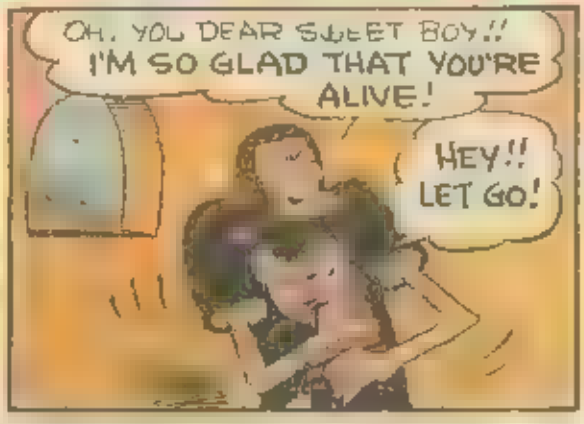
THERE'S A LADY....PERHAPS SHE KN TELL ME WHERE I YAM!


PARDNG ME MADAM... COULD YA PLEASE TELL ME WHERE I YAM AT?

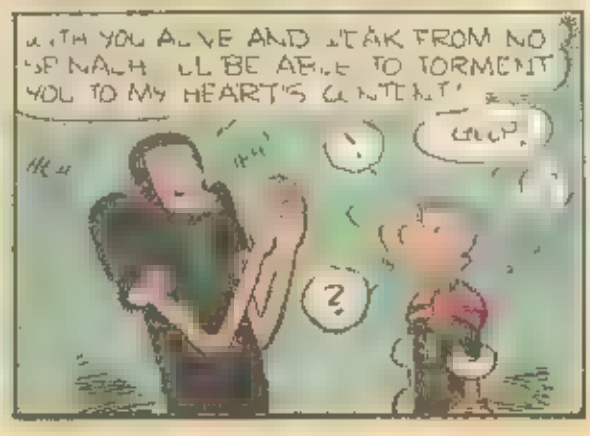
YIPE!!
BLOW ME DOWN' T IS THE SEA HAG!
?

GET AWAY FROM ME!! YOU'RE A GHOST!!! YOU'RE DEAD!!
I YAM NOT DEAD!


YOU'RE NOT DEAD?
?
?
OF COURSE NOT. I MAY BE WEAK BUT I YAM HERE!


OH, YOU DEAR SWEET BOY!! I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU'RE ALIVE!
HEY!! LET GO!

AVAST, YA DIPPY WITCH... YA KNOWS YA HATES ME... WHY IS YA SO HAPPY THAT I YAM ALIVE?
?
?
?


WITH YOU ALIVE AND STAK FROM NO SPNACH I'LL BE ABLE TO TORMENT YOU TO MY HEART'S CONTENT!
GULP.
?

ONE WEEK LATER
THERE'S A SHIP APPROACHING THE ISLAND!
CURSES! WHO WOULD DARE TO COME HERE?
HM? IT'S A SCHOONER... I'VE SEEN THAT TUB BEFORE!
BAH!! IT'S THAT SAILOR'S GIRL FRIEND AND THAT FAT MOOCHER, WIMPY.... BRING THEM TO ME!!
HURRY UP, WIMPY.... IF THAT HAG HAS HARMED MY SAILOR BOY I'LL TEAR HER INTO LITTLE WITCH HUNKS.
WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL... WE'LL SNEAK INTO THE CASTLE AND GRAB POPEYE AND GET OUT BEFORE THE HAG KNOWS WE'RE HERE'
SH HHHH! ON YOUR TIPTOES WIMPY.
VERY WELL, MISS OYL.. I'LL BE LIKE A MOUSE'

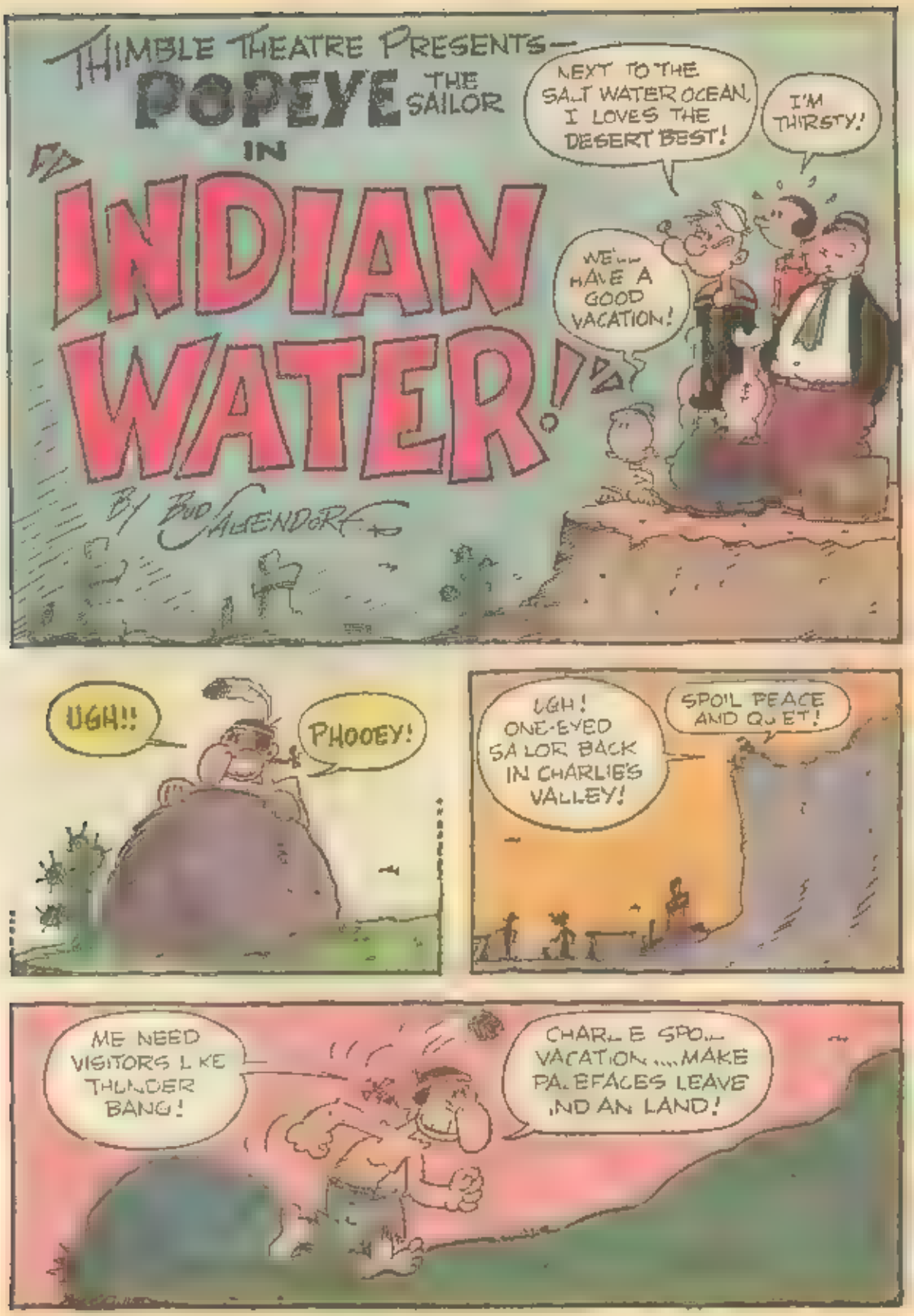
ER PARDON ME MISTER
TAP! TAP!
WHY ARE YOU TIP TOEING?
WE'RE TRYING TO SNEAK INTO THE SEA HAG'S CASTLE... IF SHE KNEW WE WERE HERE SHE'D SEND ONE OF HER BIG DUMB SLAVES TO CAPTURE US!
GRR-R R!!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHO AM I TALKING TO?
?
YOU'RE TALKING TO ONE OF 'EM BIG DUMB SLAVES OF THE SEA HAG'S!
ER. PLEASED TO MEET YOU!
OL' PAL! OL PAL..
I HAS BEEN IN THIS DUNGEON FER A WEEK WIT'OUT FOOD OR WATER!
? ? CLIC
JIMPY!?! WHATCHA DOIN' HERE?
I CAME TO RESCUE YOU OL PAL!
BUT I FEAR THAT SOMETHING WENT WRONG!
?
SLAMM
CLANG

THANK YA FER TRYIN TO SAVE ME, WIMPY... YER A SWELL FRIEN!
THINK NOTHING OF IT... I WASN'T DOING ANYTHING ANY-WAY!
IF I WASN'T SO WEAK I'D BUST OUTTA HERE ... THANK GOODNESS OLIVE IS SAFE AT HOME!
?
?
?
WITHOUT SPINACH I YAM A NO GOOD SAILOR
ER.. THERE'S SOME THING I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW
YAS WIMPY. WHAT IS IT?
ER-- I FEAR MISS OYL IS HERE NOW AND HAGGY HAS HER!
WHAT!?!
YA MEANS ME EVER LOVIN' IS IN THE HANDS OF THAT EVIL OL' WITCH!?
TAKE IT EASY, POPEYE .....
I YAM GOIN TA RIP THIS JOINT APART!
GR-R-R
DON'T BE SILLY... YOU'RE TOO WEAK!
I MAY BE SPINACH WEAK BUT ME LOVE FOR OLIVE WILL GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO SAVE HER!!
LOVE IS THE MOST POWERFUL THING IN A WORLD AN I YAM FULL OF LOVE FER 'AT GAL!
CRASH

THE BEST SLAVE I'VE HAD IN YEARS!!
IF MY POPEYE WAS HERE HE WOULDN'T LET YOU FORCE ME TO SCRUB FLOORS!
HA' HA. WITHOUT SPINACH HE CAN'T EVEN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!
OH!! HELP!! POPEYE, WHY DON'T YOU SAVE ME?
HE H' HEH'
POPEYE!!
WHOT-TH--?
D D SOMEONE CALL ME NAME?
QUICK, YOU BIG OAF... PUT THAT SAILOR BACK IN THE DUNGEON!
BUT!
BUT BUT HE JACKED THROUGH THAT WALL LIKE IT WAS PAPER
HE MIGHT HURT ME!!
DON'T BE SILLY.. HE CAN'T HURT US! HE HASN'T HAD ANY SPINACH FOR DAYS!
COME ON WEAKLING!! BACK TO YOUR CELL!!
PARDNER ME OLIVE!
OUCH!
CAN'T YA SEE... I YAM RESCUING ME SWEETY?

YOU SHRIMP THAT'S THE BIG IDEA? YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO FIGHT!
I YAM STRONG WIT' LOVE
2.
LEAVE MY SWEETY ALONE YOU BIG BUM!!
COME BACK AND FIGHT
MY SLAVE WILL FIGHT FOR ME — HE'LL KILL THAT SAILOR OF
COWARD.
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT WAS THAT?
ARF' ARF' SOME HOW I FEELS SPINACH WILL GROW NOW.
YOU'RE WONDERFUL, POPEYE
IT WAS LOVE! LOVE HAS GIVEN ME MORE THE POWER TO SAVE YOU!
HMM THAT'S STRANGE MY LOVE FOR HAMBURGERS GIVES ME NOTHING BUT A TUMMY ACHE!

ADVERTISEMENT


THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS—
POPEYE THE SAILOR
IN
INDIAN WATER!
BY BUD SAGENDORF
NEXT TO THE SALT WATER OCEAN, I LOVES THE DESERT BEST!
I'M THIRSTY!
WE'LL HAVE A GOOD VACATION!
UGH!!
PHOOEY!
UGH! ONE-EYED SAILOR BACK IN CHARLIE'S VALLEY!
SPOIL PEACE AND QUIET!
ME NEED VISITORS LIKE THUNDER BANG!
CHARLIE SPOIL VACATION.... MAKE PALEFACES LEAVE INDIAN LAND!

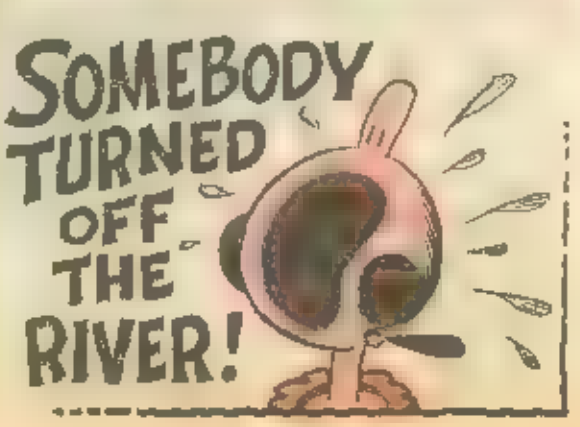
IF I HAD SOME WATER, I COULD FIX DINNER!
THEY'S A . . . STREAM OVER BY THAT ROCK!

I PICKED THIS VALLEY BCAUSE OF THE STREAM... IN A DESERT A HASTA HAVE WATER!

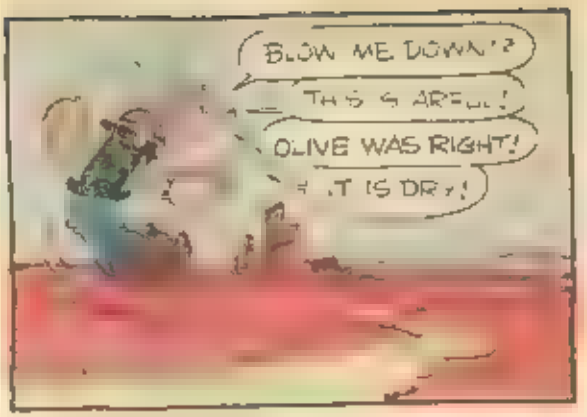
WATER!
OH, HOW PRETTY.... WHAT A BEAUT.FUL LITTLE LIFE GIV NG STREAM!

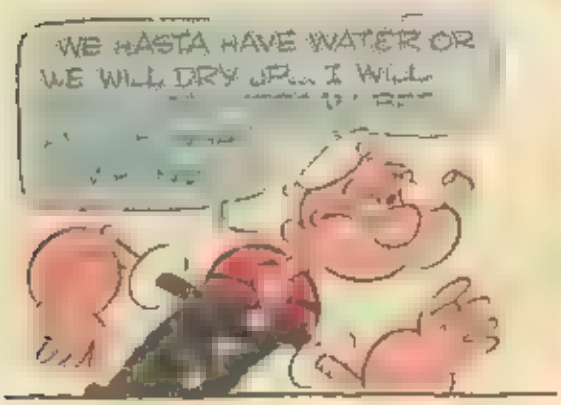
SWISH

WHA'... TH'...?
SAND?
?


SOMEBODY TURNED OFF THE RIVER!

YA MUS BE WRONG, OLIVE...
AT STREAM
ALL
IT'S DRY NOW!


BLOW ME DOWN!?
OLIVE WAS RIGHT!
IT IS DRY!

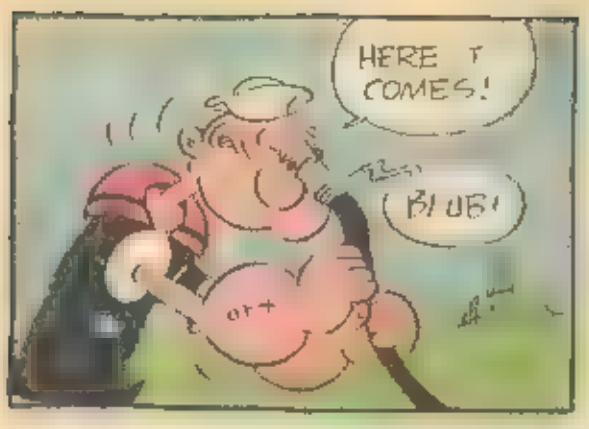

WE HASTA HAVE WATER OR

I HAS WALKED FOR MILES!

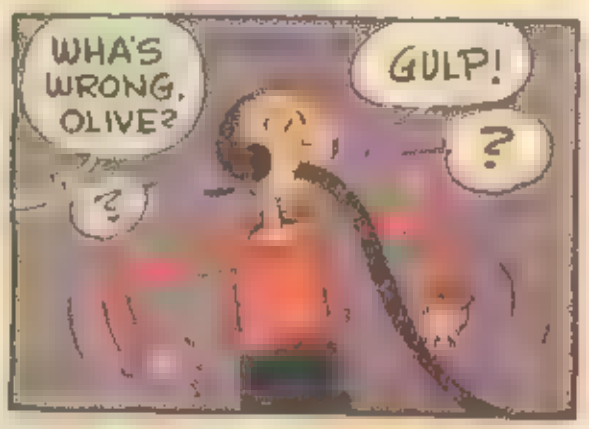
MY GORSH!? THERE'S THE
THE STREAM HAS BEEN DAMMED

ARF! ARF! THIS IS EASY... ALL I HAS TO DO IS REMOVE THE ROCK AN WE WILL HAVE WATER!
ONE GOOD SHOVE SHOULD DO IT!
?
STOP
CHARLIE!?!
UGH!
YOU BLOCKED THE STREAM!
YEA!
INDIAN NEED PLENTY WATER! WANT SWIMMING POOL.... BUILD DAM!
BUT, CHARLIE... WE'VE GOT TO GET WATER!!
CHARLIE NEED BIG POOL!
HM? I HAS AN IDEA... HAVE YA GOT ANY GARDING HOSE?
GOT PLENTY HOSE!

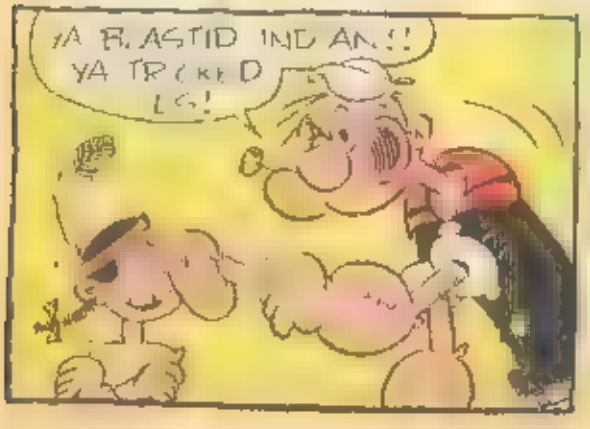
IF I PAYS YA FIFTY BUCKS, WILL YA RUN YER HOSE FROM YOUR SWIMMING POOL TO OUR CAMP?
YOU BET!
AHOY OL' VE.. EVERYTHIN S OKAY!
DID YOU GET WATER?
YAS! I IS HAVIN' IT PIPED IN!
IF I DON'T GET WATER SOON I'LL DIE!
HERE IT COMES NOW
BE PATIENT..... IT'LL TAKE TIME FER THE WATER TO GET HERE!


HERE I COMES!
BLUB!

GIVE IT TO ME! I'M FIRST!!


WHA'S WRONG, OLIVE?
?
GULP!
?

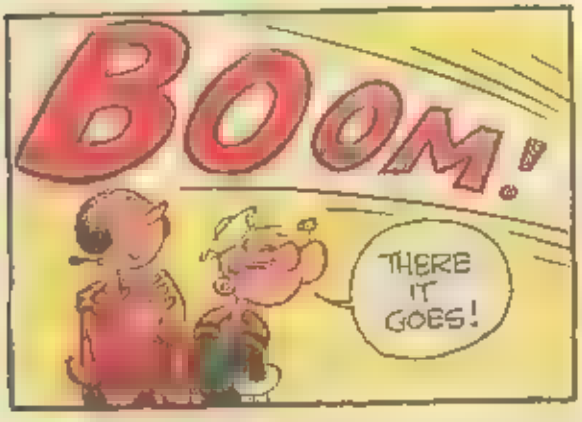
?
SAND?
HA! HA!
UGH!
PHOOOOOOO


YA BLASTID INDIAN!! YA TRICKED ME!

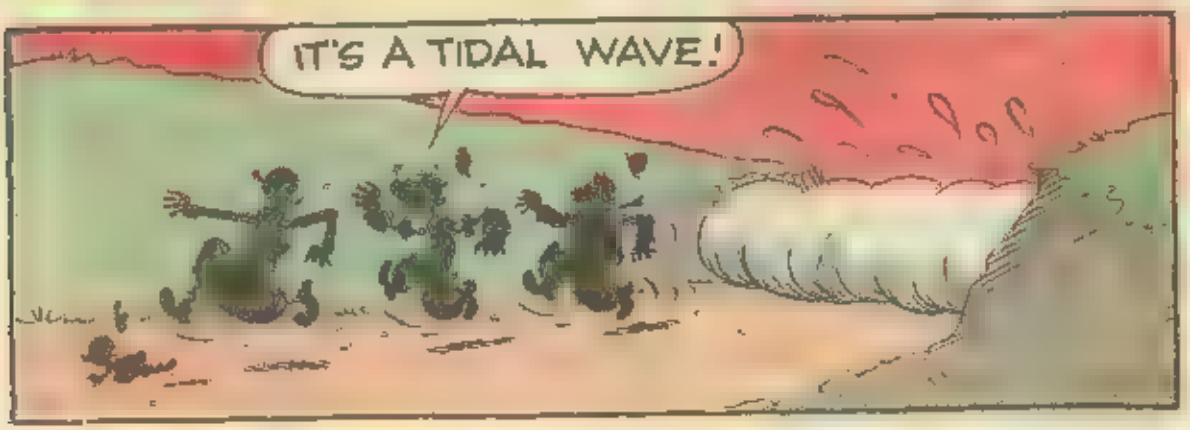
I'M GOIN' TO BLAST YER DAM WIT' THIS DYNAMITE!
WE HAS TO HAVE WATER!

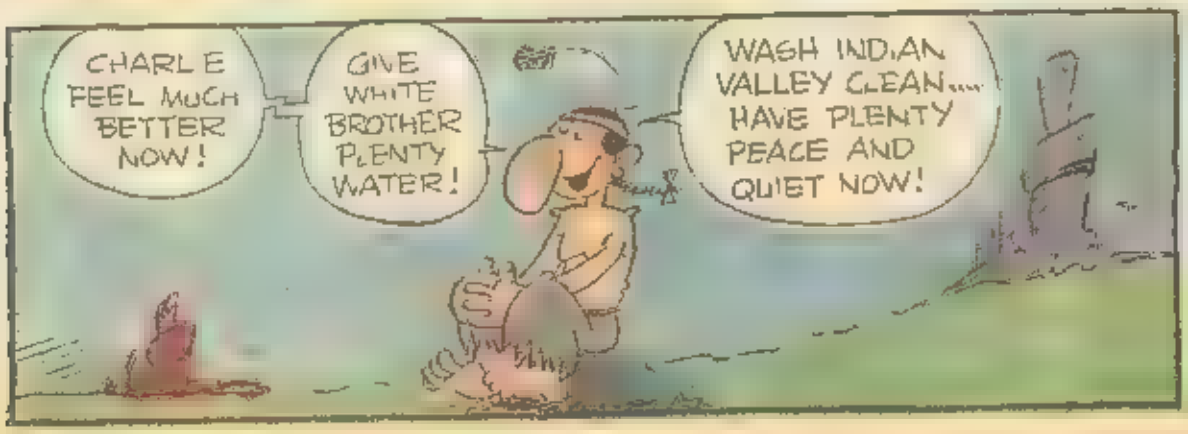
CHARLIE SORRY .. GIVE CHARLE BOOM BOOM STICK! CHARLE BLOW DAM!
YOU WAT HERE FOR WATER!

PALEFACE NEED WATER.... CHARLE CAN'T LET WHITE BROTHER DRY UP!


BOOM!
THERE IT GOES!

YIKE!?


IT'S A TIDAL WAVE!


CHARLE FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW!
GIVE WHITE BROTHER PLENTY WATER!
WASH INDIAN VALLEY CLEAN.... HAVE PLENTY PEACE AND QUIET NOW!

Mildred was unhappy with her lot in the world. To be an unhappy cow is bad enough, but to be a cow that is unhappy because she is a cow is a terrible thing indeed. The whole trouble with Mildred was that she lived next door to a field full of horses. Day after day she would watch the cowboys come out and cut out a horse to be saddled for the day's work on the open range.

"Oh, look at those lucky horses," she would sigh as she rested her head on the top rail. "How I wish that I could carry a man on my back and ride off into the prairie!"

As the time drew near for the big round-up, Mildred's obsession grew worse. She just had to be a horse. She would stay awake all night trying to figure out a way to make her dream come true.

But where in the whole world would a milk cow ever get a saddle? But one night the miracle happened! One of the cowboys, after unsaddling his horse, was too tired to carry the saddle to the saddle house and he tossed it onto the fence that ran alongside of Mildred's field.

When Mildred saw the saddle on the fence she could hardly believe her eyes. "This is it! This is my lucky day! Hooray! Tonight I am going to become a horse."

If anyone had been watching that night they would have seen a wondrous sight in the cow pasture. Naturally, Mildred had never had a saddle on and didn't have the vaguest idea of how to go about putting on horse clothes. But she was a determined cow! First she lifted the saddle off of the fence with her nose and started to lift her head so it would slide down onto her back. It was a very tricky maneuver because of her horns. She almost lost it when her left horn, which was her sharp one, got caught in one of the straps. With a very clever wiggle she freed it from the strap and PLOP, it dropped into place on her back. Of course, Mildred didn't know she had it on backwards. The fact that it was there was all that mattered! With the saddle in place, the job of fastening the big strap around her tummy came next. This was a real job but determination and a life's dream won out. Mildred got it fastened and began to walk around the field.

For hours the happy cow trotted around the field. She even tried a few wild gallops and a couple of carefree bucks. At first it was wonderful, this practicing to be a horse, but along about sun-up she began to get a funny feeling in her back. The saddle felt a lot heavier than it had when Mildred first put it on. It slipped from side to side as she walked and the slipping was starting to make sore spots on her hide. In fact, she was starting to realize that there was more to being a horse than one would think by just watching them. The thought that a cowboy might come along any minute and climb up into the saddle brought her up with a start. She hated to think of what the added weight would do to her back. It was then that a dream died. Mildred decided that the last thing in the world she wanted to be was a horse. She was going to take that saddle off and kick it as far as she could. And that's just what she did!

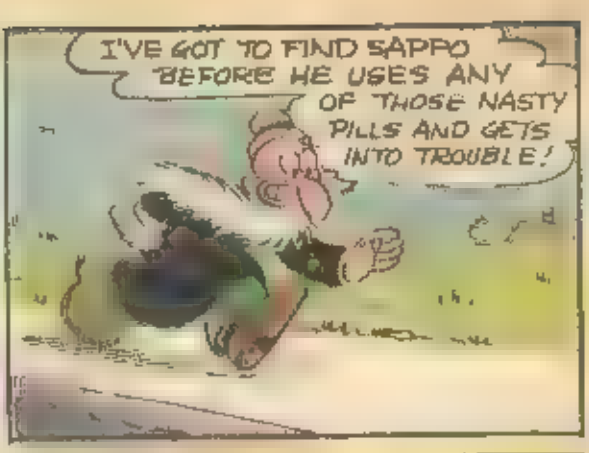
REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND
O.G. WOTASNOTTLE
THE WORLD'S GREATEST BRAIN
IN
WHAT DID HE SAY?
A STORY OF WORDS
WOTASNOTTLE YOU ARE A GENIUS!
I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL DAY... I WONDER WHAT HE'S THINKING?
AH! HERE YOU ARE.... WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING?

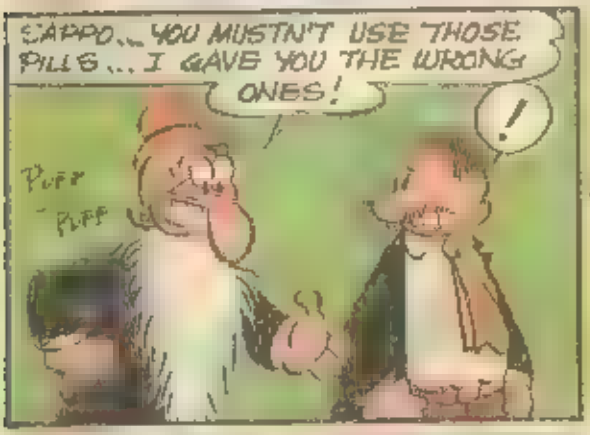
HEY! WHAT GIVES? I ASKED YOU A QUESTION... GET WITH IT, BOY... ANSWER ME!
?
WHAT'S WRONG? HAS THE CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
? ? ?
I CAN'T TALK... I'VE GOT LARYNGITIS... I'VE LOST MY VOICE!
Wheee! THAT'S WONDERFUL!
? ?
WAIT RIGHT THERE... I'VE GOT THE ANSWER TO ALL OF YOUR TROUBLES!
? ?
HERE IT IS! A BAG OF WOTASNOZZLE WORD PILLS!
?
YOU REMEMBER MY 'WORD PILLS'... A GLASS CAPSULE WITH FROZEN WORDS INSIDE!
?

GO AHEAD...DROP IT ON THE FLOOR... SEE HOW NICE THEY WORK!
GOOD MORNING..... ISN'T THIS A NICE DAY?
?
?
POP
PLOP
SEE! WHEN THE CAPSULE BREAKS, IT FREES THE WORDS! MY PILLS WILL TALK FOR YOU!
I'LL GO MAKE SOME SPECIAL ONES FOR YOU!
GOOD MORNING!
I LIKE YOUR HAT!
NICE DAY!
THANK YOU!
WHILE I'M AT IT I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE SOME NASTY PILLS TO THROW AT THAT BIG CRUMB THAT LIVES NEXT DOOR!
PHOOEY TO YOU!
YOU'VE GOT A FACE LIKE A GOAT!
WANT TO FIGHT?
ROCK HEAD! ROCK HEAD!
HERE YOU ARE, SAPPO... A BAG OF WORD PILLS JUST FOR YOU!
LATER
AH! THERE'S THAT WISE GUY NEIGHBOR WORKING IN HIS YARD...
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO INSULT HIM!

I'LL SHOOT ONE OF MY INSULTING PILLS AT HIM!
GOOD MORNING.... LOVELY DAY.. ISN'T IT?
?
?
WHA' THE--??
?
THAT WASN'T ONE OF MY NASTY PILLS!
OH, MY GOSH! THIS IS TERRIBLE !
I GAVE SAPPO THE WRONG WORD PILLS!
HERE COMES MRS. GLINK.... I'LL TRY ONE OF WOTASNOZZLE'S PILLS ON HER!
HELLO, MR. SAPPO....
I'LL POP IT NOW AND ANSWER HER!
SHUD UP! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! TAKE A POWDER, FATSO!
?
?

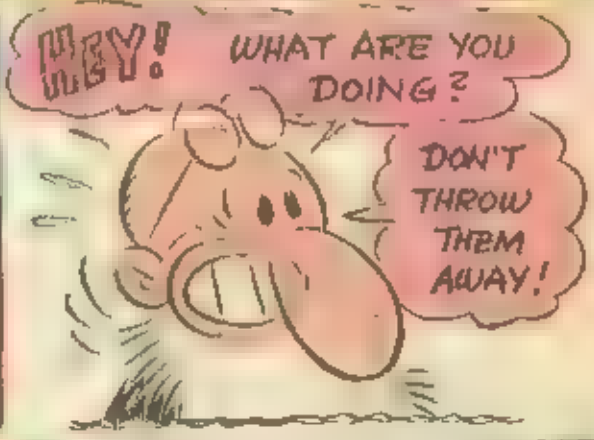
?
?


I'VE GOT TO FIND SAPPO BEFORE HE USES ANY OF THOSE NASTY PILLS AND GETS INTO TROUBLE!


SAPPO... YOU MUSTN'T USE THOSE PILLS... I GAVE YOU THE WRONG ONES!
!
PUFF
PUFF

SPLAT

HM? I GUESS HE'S ALREADY USED THEM!


HEY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DON'T THROW THEM AWAY!

?
GR R-

THAT WAS A SILLY THING TO DO... NOW THEY'RE ALL OVER THE STREET!

YIKE!! LOOK WHAT'S COMING UP THE STREET... IT'S A POLITICAL PARADE!
?
?
THEY'LL RUIN ALL OF MY WORD PILLS!
GILCH FOR MAYOR!
YOU'RE A CROOK... A BIG THIEF!
BOO!
YOU SHOULD WEAR A VACANCY SIGN ON YOUR HEAD!
♪ BLOCK HEAD! BLOCK HEAD YOU'RE A BLOCK HEAD! ♪
PHOOEY!
THIEF!
POP!
POP!
POP!
POP!
POP!
WHO SAID THAT?
YEAH! WHO'S INSULTING OUR MR. GILCH?
GILCH
THERE THEY ARE! THERE ARE THE TROUBLE-MAKERS!
?
?
GET THEM!
TEAR THEM APART!
SPLAT!
CRASH! BAM!
POP!
WHY DOES THIS ALWAYS HAPPEN WHEN I TRY TO HELP YOU?
THE END

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Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

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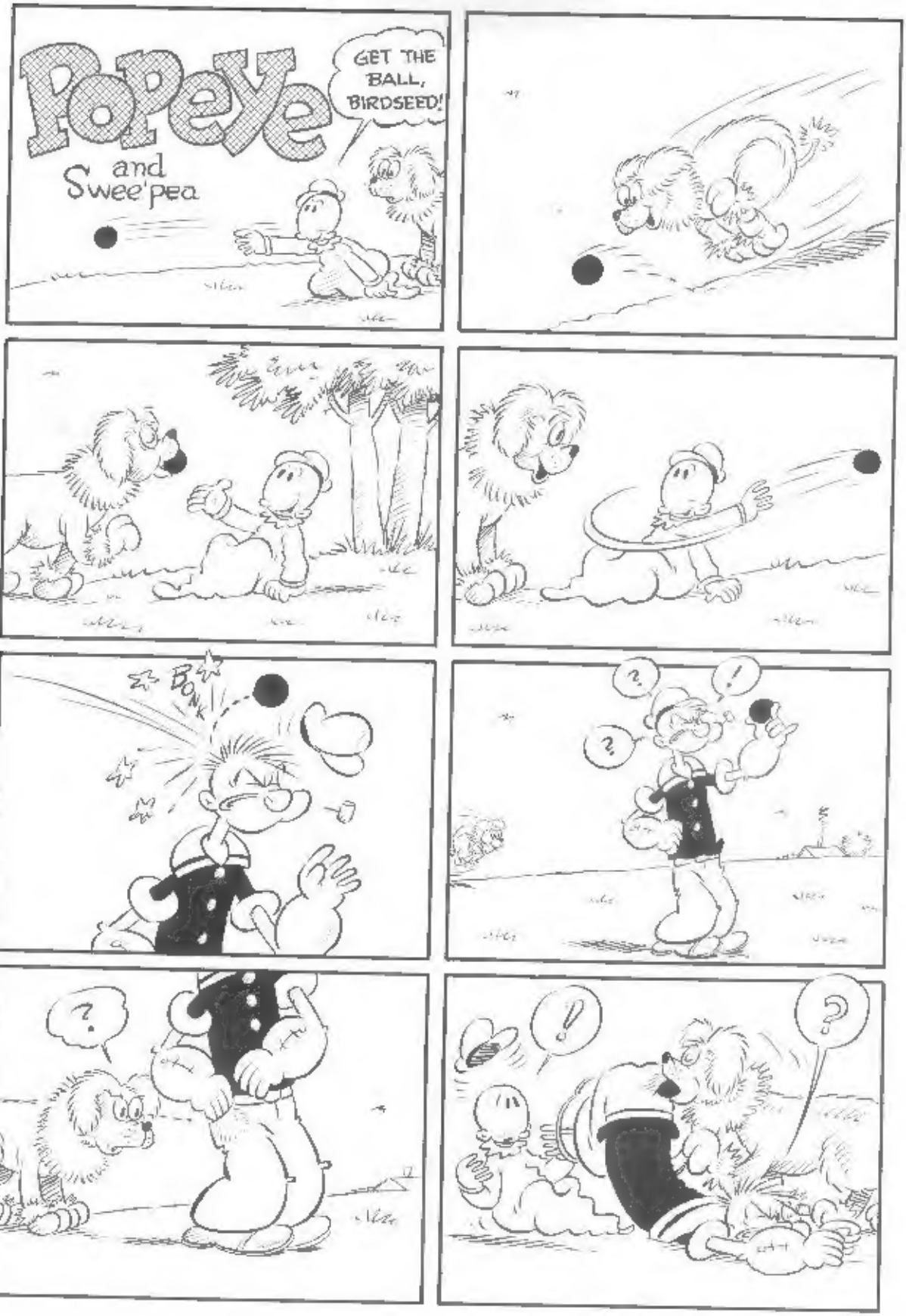
Popeye
and
Swee'pea
GET THE BALL, BIRDSEED!
BONK!
?
!
?
?
!
?

POPEYE PIN-UP